A Royal Pain: Stella Spanks Jazz the Succubus
By Yu May and SpiderSans

“All happy families are alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.”
– Leo Tolstoy, *Ana Karenina*

“Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”
– Lucifer, as portrayed in John Milton’s *Paradise Lost*

The thing about Hell is, no matter how much power you accumulate, no matter how well you learn to navigate the webs of lies and political intrigues, no matter how many enemies you destroy as you claw your way to the top, you’re still in Hell.

As a daughter of the Ars Goetia, a family of bird-like demons who had gradually become one of the most prominent political forces in Hell since the fall of Lucifer Morningstar from Heaven, Stella was born to be a princess in Hell, fated to marry a prince and sire a precautionary heir to the throne. Her betrothed husband, Prince Stolas, had been no happier with the arranged marriage than Stella had been, but he had made an effort to be kind to her, starting from the moment they first met: on their wedding day.

And Stella had never forgiven Stolas for it.

Stella hated her life, but she lacked the self-awareness to understand why she was suffering. So when she sought someone to blame, rather than blame God, or Satan, or the cruelty of blind fate, or even their parents, who had arranged the marriage, Stella blamed the nearest scapegoat she could find: Stolas himself. It didn’t help that Stolas was weak. The more Stella punished him, the more Stolas tried to appease her with kindness, and the more she hated him.

To be fair to Stella, when their first and only egg hatched, and they welcomed their daughter Octavia into the world, Stella had felt no hatred for the child. In a way, perhaps Stella really did love Octavia. But if she did love Octavia, she did not love Octavia nearly as much as she hated Stolas. And the more Stolas doted on Octavia, the more Stella hated him for it.

The sham marriage had finally collapsed when, at a mock party which Stella had arranged to celebrate the anniversary of their being “not-divorced,” with the deliberate purpose to publicly humiliate Stolas, Stolas had instead humiliated her by exposing his adulterous affair. An affair with another man.

And not just any man, but a low-class imp. And not just any low-class imp, but a wannabe professional assassin who had previously worked as a circus clown. The story quickly became a favorite for Hell’s gossip rags. Sex, politics, betrayal, murderous clowns…it had everything!

To be clear: the adultery did not bother Stella in the slightest. Stella didn’t care who Stolas slept with, as long as it wasn’t her. What made Stella snap was the impropriety of it all. That night,

Stella made up her mind to kill Stolas. Sooner or later, she would see to it, though for now she had decided not to go through with her original plan to have Stolas assassinated.

When Stella's older brother, Andrealphus, heard of the first failed assassination attempt, he had talked her ear off (yes, owl demons do have ears, they're just hidden under their feathers). He'd hooted on and on about how it wasn't in their political interests to assassinate Stolas right now, and although she didn't really understand Andrealphus' machiavellian schemes, Stella had decided to bide her time. Revenge on Stolas could wait.

Stella sighed as she lay on her downy, feathered bed, scrolling aimlessly through Sinstagram on her phone. She wished Andrealphus was with her now, so she could hear him chortle about how their grand master plan would eventually make Stolas suffer. But Andrealphus was detained at court, and Stella was bored.

She smiled as she browsed photos of influencers discussing the rumors of Stolas attending some sort of "break-up party." Stella cackled, her chittering laughter exactly like bird-song. "Oh, gracious! So Stolas actually got dumped by his peasant, circus freak for a boy toy? That's simply hilarious! Just wait until I tell Andrealphus how–"

But when she remembered she had no one to tell the good news to, Stella snapped her beak, and tossed her phone aside. Not even laughing at Stolas' misery could help today. Stella didn't just despise boredom, she feared it. For her, silence was dangerous. Whenever she was alone, whenever she had time to think about her life, Stella would remember the worst day of her life: her wedding day.

Octavia was out with "daddy dearest" on another of their disgusting daddy-daughter dates. Fuming, Stella flew out of bed, and began to busy herself. She visited the library to try reading a steamy romance, only to find it full of disgusting, cheesy scenes of the characters proclaiming their "love" for one another. She spent the rest of her morning shopping, but it wasn't as fun without having Stolas there to hold her purse, so she could mock and degrade him for holding her purse. Finally, in desperation, Stella tried playing video games on Octavia's Hellstation 5. When she lost the sixth game in a row, Stella smashed the device to pieces with the controller, then pulled the bell to call for an imp servant. "Butler! Clean this up. Then have a new one ordered for Octavia's room! I want it to be exactly like she left it when she comes home!"

"Yes, your highness! …But what about Princess Octavia's save data?"

"Save what?"

"Save data? It's all the progress she made on her video games? Unlocking characters, weapons, that sort of thing."

"I see. In that case, you will play all of Octavia's video games, and unlock all the characters and weapons for her!"

“...But, m’lady–”

“You dare defy me, you floor-scrubbing imp?”

“No, your Highness! It’s only…I’m not particularly good at playing video games?”

Stella threw the controller at the imp’s head with enough force to ring a gong. “Then you’d better *get* good, scrub!”

The butler groaned as he rubbed the rising goose egg on the top of his skull. “Right away, my lady!”

Stella left the butler to figure out how to unlock everything in Octavia’s entire library of video games in one night. Fortunately for the butler, the Hellstation 5 had very few games.

Stella took a stroll around her palace, daydreaming about what Octavia would say when she saw her new gift. “Oh, Mother dearest, thank you *so* much for the new game console! And having the servant’s beat all my video games for me was such a deliciously clever idea! Now I don’t have to worry about playing them myself anymore! You’re so thoughtful, Mommy!”

Unfortunately, as Stella rehearsed this touching scene, out loud, she closed her eyes to help herself form a better mental picture of Octavia’s adoring face. Which meant Stella failed to notice the imp maid darting through the halls to and from the laundry room, carrying a pile of towels. As they collided, the maid squealed with fear and bent over to collect the towels. “So sorry, my lady, I didn’t–”

“Get out of my way, you filthy creature!”

Instinctively, Stella lashed out to slap the maid across the face, but since the maid was bending over, the blow instead landed across the unfortunate imp’s behind, with a sharp “Thwap!”

The maid squealed and jumped, clutching her buttocks. Imps are small, fragile creatures, so at the sight of Stella towering high above her, the poor maid froze like a mouse before an owl.

But as Stella stared down at the maid, something about the poor girl’s fear and pain struck her. The maid wasn’t particularly beautiful, but as Stella drank in the sight of her, she remembered a word Andrealphus had once used to describe a magnificent painting: “So…aesthetic!”

Stella straightened herself to her full height. “I’m…sorry, for striking you. You startled me. In future, watch where you’re going. A servant should stay out of sight and mind, as much as possible, especially when the Mistress of the House is present.”

Bowing furiously, the maid collected the towels and excused herself, equally terrified and relieved. “Yes, m’lady–um–your Highness! Thank you for correcting me, so gently!”

Without another word, Stella power walked to her private bedchamber, latched the door, and examined the palm of her hand. It still stung, oh-so-slightly. Why had she struck the maid? Why had she apologized?

As a Princess, Stella didn’t hold any particular hatred toward the lowly, working-class servants. As long as they did their work obediently and quietly, she didn’t mind having them around. Her anger was usually reserved for Stolas, who deserved scorn. Generally, imps were too far beneath her notice to bother with, for good or ill. And yet something about striking the maid had made the servant girl herself strangely *striking*. But as Stella tried to concentrate her mind on the maid, she realized there was really nothing in particular about the plain-looking imp that was enchanting at all. Stella didn’t know *why* slapping the imp had felt so good. But there was no denying that it *had* felt so, *so* good.

Stella stormed to face herself in the mirror, pointing a feathery finger accusingly, and using the royal “we” out of habit. “You are a daughter of the Ars Goetia royal family. Those imps are *our* subjects! We have every right to discipline them. Now that imp will know who’s in charge. Yes, that naughty little maid will think twice before she ever makes us mad!”

Stella imagined herself storming into the servant quarters, finding the foolish servant girl, and dragging her back to her bedchamber to give her a proper spanking, the spanking of a lifetime. But as Stella remembered the imp’s face, she decided against it. No, the poor maid was too lowly. The mere act of punishing the imp would be a waste of Stella’s time and energy.

But at the memory of how Stolas had cheated on her with a common imp, Stella found herself wishing she could take out her frustration properly, not just on Stolas, but on a commoner.

If only there was an imp who was more…worthy of her notice.

Stella groaned. “Argh! All of this thinking gives me a headache! A quick coffee run is just what I need!”

With a snap of her fingers, Stella magically changed her wardrobe for a night on the town. Ordinarily, she’d prefer to summon a lady-in-waiting to dress her, rather than stoop to using her own magic, but Stella wanted that damn coffee, and she didn’t want to wait another moment.

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Jazz the succubus dragged her girlfriend Ruby along as they enjoyed the lights and atmosphere of Pentagram City, the Ring of Pride’s very own “Big, Forbidden Apple.” Their home in the Ring of Lust was always colorful and exciting, but what the Ring of Pride lacked in sexiness, it made up for with grandeur.

Ever since the memorable occasion Jazz had accidentally wandered into Cannibal Town, she'd been eager to see the rest of Pentagram City, and had even worn clothes for the occasion. Jazz bounced in place as she spotted a cafe decorated by a gigantic, ornate tea cup. "Ooh! That place looks fun!"

Gasping for air, Ruby narrowed her eyes and struggled to read the cursive sign that decorated the cafe. "The Richest Cup…Where the Poor Pour for You? I dunno, Jazz looks pretty exclusive. It's not like the clubs in the Ring of Lust. They don't like remembering that the *hoi polloi* exist in the Ring of Pride."

The bells on Jazz's neon-green jester hat jingled as she tilted her head. "What's a *hoi polloi*?"

"It means 'commoners.' We're just a couple ordinary succubi to these people."

"But I don't think you're an ordinary succubus at all, Ruby. I think you're extraordinary."

"That's sweet of you to say, Jazz, but I don't think–"

But before Ruby could finish, Jazz caught the eye of the security guard, a three-headed hell hound. He wasn't *the* Cerberus, but he probably could have won a Cerberus look-alike contest. He was standing behind a rope barrier, made of rich, red velvet, which blocked access to the cafe's entrance.

Before Ruby knew what was happening, Jazz towed her along to greet the massive guard dog, who stared down at them, all three heads managing to express a look of disgust in their own subtle way. "Hold on, dolls, this is a private club. We don't serve your kind here," barked the first head, who resembled a doberman.

Unfazed, Jazz puffed her black bangs out of her eyes and stared down the guard. "Well, what kind do you serve?"

The second head, who resembled a borzoi, clicked his tongue, thoughtfully. "Mostly royalty. Princes, Princesses, Principalities, Rulers, and Authorities. That sort of clientele. Not really a place for imps, or succubi, or whatever you are. I have a hard time telling you people apart."

Tottering on her high-heels, Ruby straightened her mini skirt. Now that Jazz had gotten them into this situation, she needed to get them out of it, as gracefully as possible. "Ahem! *Mostly* royalty, you say? Which means you don't *only* serve royalty. Suppose we were…friends with someone you knew?"

The third head, who resembled a friendly-looking corgi, started panting his tongue. "Friends? I like friends! Will you be my friend?"

But the first head, who seemed to be the most impatient of the three, interrupted. “Friends with who, precisely? I wouldn’t turn away a personal friend of, say, Lucifer Morningstar. You ladies have any *friends* in his circle of Hell?”

Ruby balked. She’d charmed her way into elite clubs before, but she was getting the sense that she and Jazz were way out of their league.

Jazz was oblivious. Without thinking she flipped out a brochure for the Hazbin Hotel rehab and recovery program, sponsored by Princess Charlie Morningstar, whose face was prominently featured on the cover. “Pshaw! Who do you think gave me this brochure?”

“Yipe!” barked all three heads at once, as they snatched the brochure, holding it in trembling paws.

Ruby clutched Jazz’s arm tightly for support. The truth was, neither of them had ever met Princess Charlie Morningstar. Susan, a feisty resident of Cannibal Town, had given Jazz the brochure after catching her trespassing, and suggested that Jazz could use the pamphlet to brass her way out of trouble in the future. Jazz hadn’t lied. She’d only flashed the pamphlet, and let the guard dog come to his own conclusions.

The three heads had a whispered conversation. Finally, the doberman head looked up from the pamphlet. “So, you know the Princess of Hell? Is that what you’re telling me?”

Jazz’s jester hat jingled as she nodded. “Yeah! I’m all signed up for the Hazbin Hotel program!”

Again, Jazz wasn’t *exactly* lying. She *had* filled out the form online to join the program. Though she wasn’t sure if she’d remembered to click the last button to send it in; and if she had, she hadn’t checked her email in a few weeks to see if she’d been accepted.

The borzoi gave a low, rumbling growl, but he sounded more curious than threatening. “Well, Princess Charlie lets all sorts of low-lifes join her little pity programs. If you two imps–succubi, whatever–are such big shots, surely you rub shoulders with plenty of the rich and famous demons! Who else do you know?”

Jazz hopped on the balls of her feet. “We’re friends with Asmodeus! He’s a big sweetie!”

Ruby took a shuddering breath. “Yeah! We’ve worked with ‘Oz’ personally, for years. If you ever asked him, he’d give us both a glowing recommendation!”

All three of the guard dog’s heads raised their eyebrows. “*The* Asmodeus? As in, The Lord of Lust?” growled the doberman head.

“He’s one of the Seven Deadly Sins!” gasped the borzoi head.

“He’s so *hot!*” blurted the corgi head, before rocking his head back to wolf howl. “Awooo!”

The doberman shook his head, his jowls flopping. “Hold on! How *exactly* do you know Asmodeus?”

Before Ruby could come up with a way to deflect the probing questions, Jazz answered for her. “We’re his two favorite strippers!”

The guard dog threw back its doberman head in laughter. “Hoo hoo! Roof! My, how classy.”

The other two heads seemed to be puzzling over the situation. The borzoi head shook its long nose. “I dunno, I suppose they *are* from the Circle of Lust. Pole dancing isn’t considered tacky there. Different cultural norms and all that.”

The corgi head accidentally let a spittle of drool drip to the ground. “You are both such pretty ladies!”

Ruby cleared her throat, prettily, and batted her eyelashes at the corgi. “Why thank you, precious! And yes, in the Circle of Lust, we have more *sophisticated* views on exotic dancing. You might say…”

Gracefully, Ruby rested her backside on the red velvet rope. Her black dress was classy, but just short and tight enough to highlight her best assets. “...it’s a work of art.”

Two of the three heads seemed convinced by this compelling argument. But the doberman was unmoved. “Oh please, you think if you wriggle your rumps we’ll just wave you through? Why not try flashing your girlies next? We’ll count that as seeing your ID!”

Jazz made an O-face as she unzipped her hoodie. “Oh? Is that all? No problem, sir.”

As Jazz flashed the three guards, the green dollar-sign stickers that she wore in place of a bra seemed to glow with a holy light.

High above them, a TV billboard advertising some nerdy board game displayed the slogan: “Play Dark Dungeons! It’s Of The Devil!™” accompanied by a 20-sided die, which spiraled before landing on the number 20. The billboard lit up with an explosion of fireworks, blinking the words: “Critical Success!”

All three of the dog heads stared at Jazz’s perfect breasts, in perfect awe, before the doberman silently unlatched the red rope, and ushered them in with a wordless bow.

Jazz took Ruby’s arm, and started to strut. “See, Ruby, I told ya’ they’d know a couple classy ladies when they saw ‘em!”

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The live band was playing smooth, old-time jazz, setting a calming atmosphere.

Ruby buried her face behind the cafe menu. There were no prices listed. Of course, the usual customers of The Richest Cup didn't have to worry about the cost of anything. How much would a place like this overcharge for a cup of coffee? Could they even afford it?

Jazz peeped over the top of Ruby's menu. "Ruby? You look nervous. Let me get you a cup of herbal tea!"

"I'll cover it, Jazz. You don't want your card to decline again."

"Don't worry! You know how you told me I should never publicly share my credit card number, along with the security number, like I did at the last Mammon concert? Well, I haven't done it ever since!"

"I appreciate that, Jazz…but what about all the official Mammon-licenced Fizzaroli gear? That usually sets you back by a paycheck or two."

Jazz glanced down at her new zip-up hoodie jacket. "Oh? This was an emergency exception. After my…discussion with Miss Susan, I decided to start wearing clothes in public, outside the Circle of Lust at least. I like this Fizzarolli jacket a lot more than the Mammon one I lost in Cannibal Town. Do you like it?"

Ruby sighed as she drank in the sight of Jazz. Helping Jazz get her credit card debt under control had been rough, but Ruby had witnessed how Jazz was finally making a real effort to get her finances in a semblance of order. "I love it, Jazz."

"It's pretty comfy! But not as comfy as getting to walk around our apartment naked any time I want."

Ruby looked at Jazz with bedroom eyes. "Well, now I get that all to myself. Makes it more special."

Jazz stroked her chin. "Oh, yeah, I always used to wonder why you walked around our apartment naked, but never outdoors. I was born and raised in the Circle of Lust, so I never really needed to wear clothes, unless I wanted to, and I just kept forgetting."

"You haven't forgotten anything else, have you?"

Jazz checked her behind, wondering if she'd forgotten to wear pants outdoors again. She smiled at the sight of her own skin-tight, Fizarolli-brand daisy dukes, relieved to see she had remembered them. "Hmm…Jacket? Check! Pants? Check! Fizarolli jester hat? Double check!"

Jazz's stomach gurgled. "Man, it's hard to think on an empty stomach."

Spotting a tray of scrumptious muffins spinning on a display at the counter, Jazz snatched one and stuffed it into her mouth, crumbs flying. "Mmokay, mwad'id I fuggeb'th?" [Translation: "Okay, what did I forget?"]

Ruby giggled at the sight of Jazz's stuffed cheeks, until she snorted. "Oh, nothing too important."

Jazz forced herself to swallow a dangerously large bite of muffin, dabbed her mouth daintily with a napkin, and immediately stuffed her mouth again. "Mmoh no, yoo don'th! I can tell 'dith ith' 'thomething importhanth'too yoo'th! C'mah' th'piw'th' been'th!" [Translation: "Oh no, you don't! I can tell this is something important to you! C'mon! Spill the beans!"]

Ruby's side was in stitches, tears in her eyes. "Psht! Jazz, we're in public! Quit playing games! Ha, ha! Knock it off!"

Then, Ruby's eyes went wide, and she held up a hand, her voice going low. "Jazz, knock it off!"

Sensing something amiss, Jazz froze, the remains of the muffin stuffed in her mouth. Ruby pointed silently, and Jazz followed the gesture.

Seated at the opposite end of the cafe, was Princess Stella of the Ars Goetia. She was staring out the window at the passers-by, with a cold, vacant stare. Jazz and Ruby didn't have much free time to pay attention to politics, but even they had heard of Princess Stella, whose beauty and temper were legendary in the Circle of Lust. Not to mention all the news of her spectacularly ugly divorce on late-night comedy TV.

An immaculately dressed imp boy approached the Princess' table, and bowed respectfully. "Would her Royal Highness care to have the usual?"

Stella only nodded, and waved the boy away. The air was thick with tension.

Jazz eyed Ruby, and mouthed the words, "Are we playing the quiet game?"

"Yes!" mouthed Ruby, as if screaming silently.

"But *why* are we playing the quiet game?" mouthed Jazz, with equal silent intensity.

Over the years, Jazz and Ruby had gained exceptional skills in lip-reading by playing the quiet game. And when Ruby got heated, she started using more of her vocabulary. "Because, that's Princess freakin' Stella! If she sees a couple plebs, like us, she's liable to have us put in handcuffs!"

Jazz's eyes darted to Stella, then back to Ruby. "The fun kind of handcuffs, with the pink fuzzies, or the not-fun kind of handcuffs, like when the cops broke up the mosh-pit riot at that one Mammon concert, and you had to bail me out?"

"The not-fun kind of handcuffs!" mouthed Ruby, wishing she could somehow spank Jazz, without making any noise.

"Shit! I hate those! Every time I get arrested, you always have to spank me! I mean, I know you only spank me because I explicitly asked you to, when you think I deserve it, but it's still no fun!" mouthed Jazz, propping up the menu to shield their faces from Stella's line of sight.

As this soundless argument carried on, Stella accepted her coffee, and took a dainty sip. Unfortunately, something caught Stella's eye.

The waiter snatched up Jazz's menu, and eyed the two succubi suspiciously. "I'm happy to take your order, ladies. May I recommend the 'Fallen Angel' gin and tonic? It's the house specialty."

Remembering her last disastrous run-in with alcohol, Ruby mumbled under her breath. "Um, ice water for me."

Forgetting to be silent, Jazz snatched Ruby's menu, snapping it shut, then threw her shiny new credit card down on the table. "No, she will have a Devil's Food Cake with a Sinful Delight frappuccino, and I will have the ice water…oh, and the muffin! And I'm paying for it, because I am a financially responsible adult."

Ruby sighed, flattered by Jazz's concern, and also concerned that Jazz was about to reach her credit limit again. "Jazz, that's so thoughtful of you to–"

Ruby felt a chill travel up her back, and twisted in her seat. Princess Stella towered above them, her head nearly reaching the ceiling. "May I have a seat with you?"

Eyes wide, Jazz and Ruby glanced at each other. They couldn't really say no, and they both knew it. When they nodded, the imp waiter nervously drew out a seat for Princess Stella, then excused himself. "I'll have that order out for you both right away…and no charge! It's on the house!"

In his haste, he slapped flat into the counter, before darting around it and through the wooden door to the kitchen.

Stella sat primly, in that particular way that royalty have of seating themselves, as though she could balance a book on her head without letting it drop.

There was a painful silence. At that moment, the live band spontaneously decided to take a break from smooth jazz, and switched to playing dramatic stings from old spaghetti westerns.

The lead guitarist switched to a Spanish guitar, and began to strum a haunting melody, worthy of the Running of the Bulls.

In perfect time to the music, Jazz looked at Ruby, and Ruby looked at Jazz, both in synch to the driving rhythm, which was gradually building, faster and faster.

Then Stella looked at Jazz, and noticed that Jazz was looking at Ruby. When Stella looked at Ruby, Ruby noticed that Stella had been looking at Jazz and was now looking at her, and Ruby looked back at Stella. And when Ruby looked back at Stella, Jazz noticed that Ruby was no longer looking at her, and looked at Stella, wondering why Stella was looking at Ruby, and why Ruby was looking at Stella. Her eyes blazing, Stella glanced back at Jazz, since that was who she had wanted to stare at intently in the first place, anyway. By now, the music had reached an explosive pace. Jazz and Ruby's eyes zipped back and forth, sweat beads pouring down their heads. Stella's face burned red as she struggled to keep up. In the kitchen, a teapot whistled shrilly as it boiled over.

Suddenly, the waiter appeared at the table, holding a tray. "Your order, ladies!"

"Enough!" roared Stella, slamming her fists on the table.

The waiter ran back to the kitchen, but this time he crashed into the counter with such force, he left a perfect silhouette behind as he smashed straight through it.

Stella took a calming breath, folding her hands delicately. "I need something from both of you. Or, rather, I mostly need something from *her*."

Stella pointed both of her long feathered index fingers to Jazz, who crossed her eyes as she focused on the goetia's sharp talons.

Jazz's lip trembled, then she burst into tears, holding her hands up in prayer as she kneeled. "Please, have mercy! But if you don't feel like having much mercy, at least have your mercy on Ruby, even if you don't have any mercy left for me! It's all my fault we're here!"

Ruby mirrored the same posture, fighting heroically to keep calm, and failing miserably. "No! Don't blame Jazz! I helped her charm our way past security, with my feminine wiles! We didn't mean anything by it!"

"Keep it down!" squawked Stella, her feathers ruffling. Panting, Stella glanced around the cafe, before breathing a sigh of relief. Luckily, no one was watching them. "Now, Miss…Ruby, was it? All I want is to purchase the services of your jester girl. Jazz? That's what you called her."

Ruby snapped out of her panic, paying rapt attention to Stella's words. "...Purchase my jester girl? She's my girlfriend. She's not for sale!"

“No, no, I don’t want to buy her. I’d only wish to rent her for the night.”

Ruby was incensed. “You mean, like an escort service? We don’t do that kind of thing!”

Still kneeling before Stella, Jazz raised her hand. “Uh, yes we do, Ruby. We’re succubi. It’s in our job description. We subsist by luring the rampantly horny into eternal perdition.”

“Not for money, we don’t! Greed is Mammon’s thing! Lust can’t be bought or sold! Ugh, is nothing sacred?”

“Well, what about the tips we get from exotic dancing? You always say that we just have to make ends meet long enough to build up a little nest egg, then we can move to the suburbs.”

Ruby choked. “That’s…different! We’re talking about sex here!”

Steam billowed from Stella’s ears. “No, we most certainly are *not* talking about sex!”

While Ruby blinked with confusion, Jazz giggled. “Tee hee! That’s a relief! But if we’re not talking about sex, what *are* we talking about?”

Desperate to regain composure, Stella straightened herself, and put on her best princess voice. “I have been under a great deal of stress recently. I wish to hire Miss…Jazz the Jester, to help me relieve some of my…stress.”

Jazz sighed with exasperation. “See, when you say it all sultry like that, with the dramatic pauses and everything, it sure sounds like a sex thing, which Ruby and I could *totally* help you out with. By the way, Ruby, what’s that sexy thing called? It’s French.”

“A ménage à trois?”

“No, no, the other thing I said, where you say the normal thing but mean a sexy thing. Oh, I remember! A double entendre. Anyway, if you want to double entendre me and Ruby, we’ll need to discuss it first.”

Forgetting her composure, Stella dug her talon claws through her feathery hair, humiliated by the very thought of speaking her secret desire out loud. “But I don’t *want* to have sex with Ruby!”

Ruby sniffed. “Well, like I said, you can’t force lust.”

Jazz looked at Stella with disbelief as she gestured at Ruby. “Are you blind? Just look at her! She’s the single sexiest succubus I’ve ever met!”

Ruby beamed, her stung ego somewhat soothed. “Why, thank you, Jazz!”

Stella tore two tufts of feathers out of her head, with both hands at once. “Ugh! I don’t want to have sex with either of you! It’s nothing like that! Squaaak! I just wanna’ *spank* Jazz, all right?”

Everyone, including the live band, froze in silence. Stella blushed so furiously red, it could be seen behind her downy, white feathers. “Let’s try that again. You, musicians, give me something regal…with proper flair!”

In fear for their lives, the live band began to improvise a haunting tune. Stella cleared her throat, her eyes shining with sadistic menace. “Ahem! It is nothing like that! My only wish…is to *spank* Jazz!”

“Dun! Dun! Duuuun!” tooted the trumpet player, accompanied by a sexy saxophone player, in perfect harmony.

Now that the proper mood had been set by the live band, Jazy and Ruby both blushed. As hard-working succubi, there was really no X-rated content they were unaware of, but something as playful and simple as a spanking? It was so adorable, they were sure Stella was only joking.

Privately, Jazz had fantasized of being spanked by royalty, ever since childhood. She’d even had vivid dreams of being spanked by Lucifer, Lilith, and even Princess Charlie over the years. Something about the idea of being lovingly spanked, without sex, could always put Jazz’s mind at ease. Jazz had never admitted this to anyone, not even Ruby.

Ruby asked Stella the question both of them were thinking. “Just a spanking? You can’t be serious.”

Glowering, Stella pulled out a checkbook, staring at each girl in turn, without blinking. “No, not just any spanking. I want to give a naughty imp a *proper* spanking, until she starts crying. And after that, I want to *keep* spanking Jazz, for as long as I see fit.”

With a flourish, Stella tore out a check and handed it to Ruby, before closing her checkbook with a snap.

Jazz casually craned her neck to sneak a peek at the check in Ruby’s hand, accompanied by a cartoon violin sound effect, which the violinist in the band helpfully provided on cue.

Jazz spat as she read the amount on the check. “20 thousand dollars?* For just one night?”

[*In case you’re wondering, yes, they use U.S. Dollars in Hell, because Mammon controls the Federal Reserve.]

Ruby stiffened, as she noticed Jazz had snuck up on her.

Stella's face didn't betray a hint of her emotional state. For once, she was in perfect control of her temper. "That's all I'm asking for."

Jazz clutched Ruby's elbow, then gave Stella a polite bob of her head. "Will you excuse us for juuuuuust a minute? We have to go to the little girls room. To pee."

Zipping into the ladies' room, Jazz quickly flushed the toilets. "Okay, now she won't suspect a thing! What do you think, Ruby, should I do it? I value your opinion."

"Jazz! She's a goetia! What if she gets bored with you, and decides to have your head chopped off?"

"It's nothing that kinky! It's just a spanking, after all. And you know I can handle a spanking, no sweat. It's almost like it's my destiny to get spanked, or something."

"Stella's not asking for the fun, mild sort of spanking, Jazz. She's asking to spend *hours* spanking you. Do you know how long a spanking usually lasts, when I give you a consensual spanking? It's usually a few *minutes* tops. And I can still get you to cry, even if I'm trying *not* to spank you too hard, on purpose!"

"Okay, good points. This will definitely not be the fun kind of spanking. Counterpoint, she's offering 20K for one night's work. That's more money than we've ever seen!"

Ruby rubbed her temples. "Jazz, what are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking I can take it! And I'm thinking Stella sounds a bit crazy, but also what's the point of being a succubus if I can't help her work through her crazy, pent-up traumas by taking out all her frustrations on my sexy ass? On the other hand, I'm thinking I don't want to hurt you, and you've never steered me wrong in the past, when I'm stuck. What should I do?"

The thing you have to understand about succubi is they don't exactly have a view on sex that correlates to any human being's. Since sex was part of any succubus's job description, they didn't necessarily think of "sleeping around" as "cheating." But Jazz and Ruby also had a committed relationship, based on mutual trust. They may have been sex-crazed demons living in the pit of hell, but unlike too many misguided people on earth, they understood that there was no such thing as "cheap sex." They were professionals, after all.

All of this was complicated by the fact that Stella had explicitly told them she wasn't interested in sex, which both the succubi saw as both a relief and a red flag.

Throughout their long friendship, even before they had fallen in love, Ruby felt like she had to be the responsible adult.

There had been one notable exception. Last year, Ruby had started drinking too much, shortly after one of the Immediate Murder Professionals had kicked her baby like a football. Sure, the stroller had only contained a toy doll that Ruby had been using to practice for the day when she would one day be a mother, but it *might* have been a real baby.

A few weeks later, when Ruby had stashed whiskey in the stroller to help her cope with the loss of the "child," the Immediate Murder Professionals had again barreled over her stroller, in the midst of one of their hair-brained, hair-raising adventures. Hell was a fun place to live, but it was no place to raise a child!

After Jazz had confronted Ruby about her unhealthy reliance on alcohol as a coping mechanism, Ruby had sworn off the devil's drink entirely. With Jazz's help, Ruby had been sober for nearly a year, just in time to cope with Jazz's looming financial crisis thanks to her obsession with Mammon's 7-ring concert tour.

At the present moment, Ruby felt a mix of love, lust, admiration, annoyance, jealousy, and fear for Jazz, all rolled into one tangled, mess of girly emotions. And in that moment, she knew she couldn't make this decision for Jazz. "What do you want to do, Jazzy?"

"I've got this, Rubes! One spanking, and we're out of debt!"

"You don't have to do this, just to make money. We'll get the credit card bill paid off."

Jazz nodded, her jester hat flopping madly. "I thought of that, too! Look, there's a lot of crappy ways to make money, but if I can help Princess Stella work through whatever's eating her up…that's a pretty not-so-crappy way to make some money, all things considered. Like, if Stella just asked me nicely to let her spank me, sure, I'd do that for free, so long as you were okay with it. But are you okay with it?"

Not entirely sure if she was okay with it, Ruby put a hand on Jazz's shoulder. Silently, both succubi nodded at once. They would go for it.

Stella drummed her claws together to stave off boredom.

There was a muffled flushing sound, before Jazz kicked open the door of the women's restroom and sauntered back to the table, pretending to yawn. "Aahh! Well, that was wonderful. A good time was had by all. I'm pooped. Anyway, I'm in! What time did you want me?"

With a smile, Stella jotted something down on a napkin and handed it to Jazz. Now, it was Ruby's turn to sidle up behind Jazz to sneak a peek. The violinist caught his cue to play the cartoon violin sound effect.

Written on the napkin was a phone number, with the words, "Text me at seven o' clock, sharp, and I'll be ready. I'll open a portal for you, wherever you are."

“A portal?” mumbled Jazz.

Stella’s eyes flashed as she snatched up the 20-thousand-dollar check and stuffed it into the bosom of her dress. “I’ll be holding onto this for now. You may collect it when you visit the palace. Consider it earnest money…Whatever you decide, I trust you’ll be discreet.”

Though Stella would never admit it, she was not as gifted in magic as her bookish husband, Stolas. But she remembered enough of the magic lessons that had been hammered into her as a young Princess to manage simple portal magic, so long as she had her family grimoire.

Jazz and Ruby watched in awe as Princess Stella marched to her limo, and was whisked away.

…

Back at their shared apartment, Jazz heard their antique grandfather clock ticking incessantly as she busied herself. She had showered, laundered her favorite jester hat, and put on an actual dress, which Ruby generously lent her. Remembering her last not-so-consensual spanking, Jazz rubbed her butt nervously. It had only been two months since Jazz had accidentally wandered into Cannibal Town, half naked. Instead of eating Jazz alive, old Miss Susan had mercifully decided to give Jazz an old-fashioned spanking instead.

Even after two months, Jazz could somehow still remember the feeling of her freshly spanked ass, like a phantom pain.

Jazz found Ruby sitting in the living room, fidgeting with her smartphone. Spotting Jazz, Ruby dropped the phone and approached Jazz to hold her hand. “Are you sure about this, hun?”

Jazz swallowed. “Ruby? It’s a lot of money. I mean, we really need it, and–”

A lightbulb appeared over Jazz’s head. For the past month, she’d had a nagging feeling she’d forgotten something important. Of course, Ruby’s birthday was coming up! And Jazz still hadn’t gotten her anything!

Now, you should understand, it wasn’t that Jazz didn’t care about Ruby’s birthday. In fact, Jazz had been planning to get what she hoped would be the perfect present: she was going to have her favorite photo of her and Ruby’s first date at Loo Loo Land professionally framed. But when Jazz had inquired about the cost of framing, her credit card had declined. And as days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, Jazz had never quite managed to get on top of her financial situation.

At that moment, Jazz felt like kicking her own rear end, sharply. After everything Ruby had done to help Jazz stay out of trouble, could she really not get her shit together long enough to buy a

frame for a picture? Her face burning with shame, Jazz made her decision. Whatever Stella had in store for her, Jazz needed to face it, not just for Ruby's sake, but also for herself.

Jazz gave Ruby two big thumbs up. "I'm ready!"

The clock started to chime, signalling it was nearly seven o'clock. Ruby sighed. "I trust you, hun. Better text Princess Stella. Don't keep her waiting."

Jazz stared at her phone, wondering how to word the text to Princess Stella. Was there a polite way to ask a Princess to spank your ass? Finally, Jazz settled on texting the same words she'd told Ruby: "I'm ready."

Jazz felt oddly reassured as she sent the text. The clock finished playing the tune of the Westminster chime, and began to toll the hour. "...Bong! …Bong! ...Bong! …Bong! ...Bong! …Bong! …Bong!"

Just as Jazz started to wonder if Stella had been playing a little joke on them, a hole appeared in mid air. It resembled a curtain being ripped to shreds as it was torn aside, but, hauntinly, there was no sound. Behind the hole in space, stood Princess Stella, wearing a thin robe. The towering Goetia crossed her arms. "Well, what are you waiting for, Jazz?"

Jazz forced herself to look away from the terrifying, owlish demon, to look at Ruby. "Wish me luck, Rubes! Don't worry, I'll be back in plenty of time for your birthday!"

Then Jazz kissed Ruby, right on the lips. As Jazz turned to face the Princess, she was too distracted by the terrifying spectacle of the regal demon to notice what Ruby was up to. With a sly grin, Ruby held up her hand, and eyed Stella sternly. "Stay safe, Jazz, and whatever you do…don't ruin my cake!"

Jazz blinked. "Huh? What cake?"

Ruby slapped Jazz sharply across the behind, and Jazz merowled like a cat as she hopped straight through the portal. Jazz turned to see the portal shut behind her, and found herself in a dazzling, ornately decorated room. The glittering lights reminded Jazz of Asmodeus' private club, but there was something far more elegant about the goetia palace. Jazz couldn't quite put her finger on it, but it was as if Stella's house was strangely…still.

Unable to find the words to describe her looming sense of dread, Jazz decided not to worry about it. "Well, where do you want my ass?"

Stella held up a hand, grimacing. "Ugh…not another step closer! Not until you've been scrubbed clean."

"But…I just took a shower! A really good one."

“...Shower? Of course, that’s what you peasants have instead of a proper bath. Here, my escorts will assist you.” Stella snapped her fingers, and two serving-imps appeared: a butler and a maid.

Jazz followed the two imps, humming. “So, has Princess Stella ever spanked either of you?”

The maid blushed. “...Just the once. It was only one slap, though.”

The butler nursed a bruise on the back of his skull. “She seems to favor blunt force trauma for the male servants.”

Jazz scratched her head. “Huh, that sounds like discrimination!”

“Against which one of us?” asked the maid, rubbing her bottom.

Jazz shrugged. “Both of you at once? Though personally, I’d take the spanking. My parents always used to say, ‘Never strike upon the face, when nature hath provided a better place.’”

As Jazz entered the bathroom, and allowed herself to be undressed, a lightbulb appeared over her head. “Hang on, they must have meant my ass! It’s like asses were *made* to be spanked, don’t you think?”

Jazz chattered on happily as she was bathed. It was relaxing at first, until the maid and butler pulled out long handled bath brushes and began to scrub her furiously. “Hey! Knock it off!”

The maid clucked her tongue, like a mother hen. “Behave yourself in the bathtub, or I’ll spank you! You may be a guest, but Princess Stella made it clear that we’re to treat you like our own daughter, and that’s exactly what I plan to do!”

Jazz glanced at her buttocks, which was now dripping with foamy, perfume-scented soap. “Is that a deal?”

A single clap of the maid’s bath brush across Jazz’s behind convinced her not to resist further. Jazz groaned as the maid and butler groped at her, lifting her breasts and butt cheeks to thoroughly scrub every crack and crevice. But Jazz sensed it wasn’t being done to humiliate her. The two servants were just doing their job, as professionally as possible. By the time the servants were finished, Jazz felt as clean as a whistle.

Stepping out of the tub, Jazz reached for her borrowed outfit, but the butler intervened. “Oh, heavens, no! You can’t wear your old clothes!”

Jazz scrunched her face. “Why not?”

The maid shook her head, with patient amusement. “You won’t be needing them, where you’re going.”

“Well, yeah, eventually, but it’s a lot more fun if you have some clothes at the start. Really builds the anticipation. You know, I see why you guys are so big on wearing clothes, outside the Circle of Lust!”

The butler procured a tray of steaming, white towels. “Princess Stella requested we offer you these towels. They are made of Egyptian cotton, fit for the pagan Egyptian deities of old! I’m sure you can work with it. We’ll have your old clothes washed and ready for you by tomorrow morning.”

Still nervous about the prospect of getting a bathtime spanking from two imps armed with bath brushes, Jazz wrapped both her body and head in a towel without further argument.

The maid gestured down the hall. “You’ll find Princess Stella’s chambers directly down the hall. I promise you can’t miss it.”

But as the servants turned to take her old outfit away, Jazz enacted her cunning plan. She raced to the window, bouncing up and down as she pointed wildly to the streets below. “Hey! Look! There goes an almost-naked lady in a jester hat!”

As the two servants peeped out the window, Jazz snatched her Fizzarolli jester hat out of the hamper of dirty clothes, and made a break for Stella’s bedchamber.

“I think I’d notice an almost-naked lady in a jester–Hey!” The butler spun around as he realized he’d fallen for the painfully obvious trick. But Jazz was well on her way to Princess Stella’s bedroom.

The maid held the butler back, before he could charge after the sneaky succubus. “Let her go. I have a feeling Stella will be dealing with her, soundly.”

Without knocking, Jazz burst into the bedchamber and slammed the door shut behind her. After she calmed her rapid breathing, Jazz was able to admire the exquisite room. There was a family portrait painted in oil on canvas, picturing Princess Stella, along with Prince Stolas, and their daughter Octavia. Jazz squinted as she noticed that several darts had been thrown at Prince Stolas’ face. “Huh, must be modern art. I bet it has some deep, dark, hidden meaning. If only I’d read more Freud, or something, I’d probably get it.”

“Who’s Freud?” barked a sharp, regal voice.

Jazz spun on her heels, and found Princess Stella, laying resplendent on her expansive, circular bed. Stella stood, a thin robe of pure, shimmering gossamer, which clung to her, like the tail of a cloud. “Never mind. I can’t stand talking about old books. Off with your towel, imp.”

Hiding her prized jester hat behind her back, Jazz unhitched the towel that covered her torso and waist, but rather than let it drop, she clung to it, shyly. “...I’m a succubus, actually.”

“There’s a difference?”

“We’re sort of, like, an imp’s sexy cousin? …Or maybe imps are like our angry, murder cousins?”

“Well, imp or succubus, you certainly have a remarkable body, for a peasant of the lower classes. Drop the towel, and turn around. I want to have a good look at my purchase.”

“Um…” Jazz glanced behind her back at the forbidden jester hat. Fortunately, she was a succubus, and every succubus is a master of the art of the strip tease. With a snap of the towel, Jazz startled Stella long enough to pirouette and hide the jester hat under the towel. The hand is quicker than the eye.

Stella chirped, half-annoyed, half-impressed. “Well, you certainly aren’t a shy, wilting flower.”

Jazz turned slowly, feeling a little silly as she remembered she still had a towel on her head. “Oh, is that your type?”

There was a flash of light, and Jazz saw Stella holding out a single claw. Then, Jazz felt part of the towel around her head dangle loose. Stella had cut clean through it without leaving so much as a scratch on Jazz. “No, I *hate* that type.”

Swallowing her nerves, Jazz put on a smile and turned around, making sure to hide the jester hat with each graceful step, and to give Stella time to enjoy the spectacle. The torn towel around Jazz’s head gradually succumbed to gravity, and fell away, letting Jazz’s black hair tumble freely.

Without asking, Stella grazed a claw up and down Jazz’s body, cooing exactly like a morning dove. Taken by surprise, Jazz stiffened and dropped the towel hiding her jester hat. Stella was so mesmerized by Jazz’s body, it took her a few seconds to finally notice the neon green jester hat. “What is that ratty thing?”

As Stella snatched at it, Jazz pulled it away roughly. “No! It belongs to me. Hands off, tutz! …Uh, I mean, claws off, your tallness.”

Stella’s talons twitched. “Are you stark, raving mad, peasant?”

Jazz plopped the jester hat on her head, pouting. “No, I’m *regular* mad.”

Stella wasn't particularly good at controlling her temper. But she was so confused, it distracted her from her rage long enough to save Jazz. "Why do you wear that ugly thing? Is it some sort of peasant ritual? A fetish object?"

Jazz examined one of the dollar-sign shaped bells at the end of her hat. "A fetish? Huh, this wouldn't make for a bad one, now that you mention it. But it means far more to me than even my most cherished fetishes! This hat was a gift to me from Ruby. She won it for me at a carnival game on our very first date! It was totally rigged, too, but she knew I wanted that hat. And did she give up? Of course she didn't! Which you probably could have guessed, given that I have the hat now and everything. But you should have seen her! She kept trying to shoot those plastic ducks, until she finally wore the buggers down, and won the grand prize! After that, we had to eat ramen noodles for a week! And they were the best ramen noodles we ever tasted, because we had each other! This isn't just a hat! It's a cherished reminder of the woman I love! I only take it off when it's time for a shower, or when I go to bed. And we can't go to bed until after you give me this spanking I've got coming, so I'm keeping the hat til then. Unless you want to go to bed now and save the spanking for tomorrow morning?"

Her rage building again, Stella screamed, then screeched like a hawk. "What? No! Silence! I want to spank you right now! Screee!"

Jazz winced as she heard the shrill cry, clutching tightly to her hat.

Annoyed with herself, Stella puffed up her chest, her downy feathers standing up exactly like those of a threatened transformer owl. Stella usually enjoyed taking out her temper on Stolas. But despite her sadistic fantasies, Stella had hoped to keep herself calm and under control for her night with Jazz. She liked the idea of watching a humble peasant lying across her knee, weeping and pleading as she administered a long, hard spanking. Jazz's erratic behavior was nothing like what Stella had fantasized about, yet it was oddly exciting. For the first time in her adult life, every day of which had been carefully planned out for her since infancy, Stella had no idea what to expect. And she found she liked it.

Stella seemed to deflate, as she rolled her eyes. "Have it your way. Keep the hat."

Stella let her robe drop, revealing her in only a bra and underwear. Jazz's jaw dropped. Every succubus appreciates a body that just won't quit. "Dang! Your figure hits all the right places!"

Stretching out her hand, Jazz approached Stella, clearly reaching for the goetia's breast. Jazz looked like a zombie, but instead of "Braaaains!" this zombie was seeking "Boooobs!"

Stella stiffened again. She'd been delicately praised for her fetching beauty, and teasingly called hot plenty of times over the years. Andrealphus was the only person she allowed to compliment her so bluntly without responding with violence. When Jazz had first entered her room, Stella had felt power, control. Stella almost let Jazz fondle her, but slapped the succubus across the wrist at the last moment. "There will be no need for that! Hoo! That does it!"

Hooting with suppressed rage, Stella sat on her bed and patted her lap. “Come here, peasant. It’s time you learned your place!”

Jazz wrapped her long, heart-tipped tail across her waist, folding it across itself twice like a rope belt. “Do you want me to bend over your lap, over your knee, or across your knee?”

“What? What are those? I mean–don’t be absurd! It makes no difference!”

Jazz puffed her cheeks. “Sure it does. This is your dream come true, right? Let’s do it exactly the way you want.”

Stella was already out of her depth. She had never once been spanked as a child, and despite Stella’s frequent temper tantrums, she had never once hit her daughter, Octavia. But Stella didn’t want to admit as much to a peasant. “What I want is for you to be obedient, and do as I say, without arguing! Just…do what a naughty little imp like you is supposed to do, when it’s time for a spanking!”

As Jazz had a vivid flashback to her experience with Miss Susan, she remembered her manners. “Yes, ma’am!”

Automatically, Jazz lay across Stella’s lap, thinking about how it always made her feel like a little girl again. Jazz remembered being spanked a few times in this position, as a child, but Jazz’s mom had never had the heart to spank Jazz all that hard, even when Jazz felt like she’d earned it. The soft texture of Stella’s downy feathers surprised Jazz. They were as thick and fluffy as fur.

With a sigh of relief, Stella instinctively wrapped one arm around Jazz’s lower back, then gazed at Jazz’s naked ass. Stella felt her breath catch in her throat. When Stella had spotted Jazz and Ruby at the cafe, both succubi were strikingly beautiful. If anything, Ruby was probably the classier, traditional sort of beauty. But two things about Jazz in particular had caught Stella’s attention. First, it was obvious that Jazz was a true peasant, just by her manner. In Stella’s mind, all imps and succubi were of a lower-class, but unlike so many imps with ideas above their station, Jazz didn’t even bother to hide it. Second, Jazz’s ass had seemed to scream the words “Spank me!” the moment Stella laid eyes on it.

Stella was curious if Jazz’s ass would be as soft as it looked, and squeezed it gently. It was firmer than she expected, but Stella liked the real feel of it even more than what she’d imagined it would be. Stella snickered as she released her grip on Jazz’s ass, and saw it bounce back into place. It was an all-natural stress ball. Stella couldn’t resist playing with it, stretching and patting each butt cheek experimentally.

Jazz grabbed one of the many goose-down pillows that decorated the bed and hugged it tight. So far, this was really nice, but Jazz knew it would all be ending soon.

Stella shook her head, feeling foolish. “Focus…”

Stella tightened her grip on Jazz. Finally, she knew she was in control again. “Such a beautiful butt. It’s almost a shame I have to ruin it…”

Out of the corner of her eye, Jazz saw Stella raise her palm high in the air, her wide smile hiding none of the Princess’ wicked glee. “...almost!”

Stella slammed her hand down on Jazz’s ass. Jazz felt her chest tighten, and before Jazz could even think about screaming or crying, she felt a sharp yell burst out of her throat, of its own accord. Stella was a daughter of the Ars Goetia. After only one swat, Jazz understood the gap in strength between a goetia and any lesser demon.

In that moment, Jazz was grateful to Susan, for providing her with a small foretaste of just how hard a spanking could be.

Stella began to spank in earnest, awkwardly shifting between slow and fast spanks, before discovering her first rhythm. To keep from panicking, Jazz concentrated on every trick on how to endure a spanking she had learned over the years.

Then, Stella started spanking faster and faster, curious to see just how fast she could go.

Jazz hummed as she processed her new predicament, then yelped. “Hey! Slow down!”

But Stella didn’t care. She didn’t take orders from lowly peasants, and the imp’s protests only added to the fun. This was exactly what she needed to relieve all of her stress.

Jazz bit down on the pillow, struggling to hold herself down. Although Stella’s arm was unbreakable, Jazz had plenty of freedom to flail her legs and arms, but she didn’t want to let Stella see her struggle.

A long spanking would always wear down Jazz’s resolve sooner or later, but she sensed she was already approaching her limit, far earlier than she ever had before. That realization was worse than even the pain of the spanking itself. Jazz felt a second scream building up, and sank her face into the pillow.

Stella paused as she heard Jazz’s muffled screech. "You should be honored, my dear. Having your posterior spanked by royalty, especially me, the most beautiful of them all! You should be thankful!"

Jazz drew a shuddering breath, but kept silent.

As the silence dragged on, Stella's anger flared up in a hot flash. There was no doubt Jazz had heard her. As her hot temper cooled, it was replaced by something far more deadly: cold malice. Silently, Stella thought to herself. *"So be it. Let's see just how hot your ass can get."*

Stella began spanking as fast as possible again, but focused every ounce of her energy on maintaining the lightning fast pace. It wasn't easy. She found she couldn't just wave her arm wildly.

Finally, Jazz started to kick her legs, crying freely as her resolve broke. Stella remembered her humiliation on the day Stolas publicly revealed his adultery. Her exhaustion on the day she gave birth to the egg that would later hatch to reveal Octavia. Her emptiness as she gave herself to Stolas to fulfill their obligation to produce an heir. Her anguish on the day of her wedding. She didn't even notice she had stopped spanking until she tried to lift her arm again, and found it had gone numb and sore.

As Stella "awoke" from her memories, the scene around her became surreal. Jazz, the spirited peasant girl she remembered, was shivering and twitching across her lap like a whipped puppy. Feathers were flying around the room, and Stella realized a pillow must have been torn in two, somehow. As she examined Jazz more closely, Stella noticed a puddle of tears beneath Jazz's face. Stella panted, and winced as she felt a stitch in her side, like she had just finished a marathon. The color of Jazz's ass actually frightened Stella. It wasn't just red. There were mottled, purple marks starting to form. "Did…did I hurt you?"

Jazz rose to her elbows and knees, trembling, then seemed to give up on the idea of standing up. "Phew! ...That was…sort of the point, wasn't it? Woah! I'm gonna need to lie down for a bit."

For the first time in her life, Stella was afraid she might have hurt someone. The sensation was so strange to her, she couldn't even name it. "Sit on my lap!"

Jazz shook her head, the bells on her hat jingling like little alarms to signal her protest. "Ooch! No sitting! Here, let me sort of…hover over here."

Kneeling on her knees, Jazz took shaky, hissing breaths. She tried to rub her scorched, throbbing buttocks, immediately regretted the idea, and settled on pressing her hands against the far sides of her buttocks like a frame, trying to keep it from moving.

Feeling pity, and not knowing that she was feeling pity, Stella held out her arms.

Wordlessly, Jazz sank into Stella's embrace. Stella had never been particularly good at the tender, nurturing side of motherhood. She wasn't the sort of mother Octavia could come to with a boo-boo, asking for a kiss to make it better. But as she felt the sobbing succubus melting in her arms, Stella tried patting her shoulder, and rubbing small circles across her back. Remembering she had once heard something about "rubbing the sting away" Stella tried massaging Jazz's bottom, and felt the succubus flinch. There was a tense moment, before Jazz

exhaled, and accepted the gesture. Stella rubbed slowly at first, and finally kneaded the succubus' buttocks like dough for a few minutes, ignoring the succubus' whistles and squeaks of discomfort.

Stella finished, and pulled Jazz free of the hug so she could look her in the eyes. "Thank you. You have no idea how much I needed that. I feel like a big weight was lifted off my shoulders."

Her cheeks still stained with tears, Jazz winked, her smile somewhat strained. "Hoo! No problem, Your Majesticalness! Happy to help. But you could have at least went easy on me!"

Stella couldn't bring herself to apologize, but she felt it would be improper not to dignify the lowly succubus's pains. "I…I hope you're not lastingly hurt."

Jazz examined her mottled, bruised backside, and whistled. "I think I'll live…Wooo! Oookay, next time, we'll have to talk about your technique. That wasn't bad for your first time. I almost had to use my safe word a few times!"

Stella blinked. "Safe word? What's a safe word?"

Jazz *didn't* blink. Then she slapped her forehead. "D'oh! I forgot to explain safe words! Well, that's my bad. Anyway, you usually want to pace yourself. Think of a spanking as more like running a marathon, rather than a sprint. You took me by surprise at first, but once I figured out your rhythm, I was able to weather it out. That was easily the third best spanking in my entire life."

"But, I beat you as savagely as I could. It must have lasted for hours!"

Jazz's hat flopped around wildly as she searched the room. "Hmm, does that clock work? I'd guess it lasted a little over one hour. That's a new record for longest spanking I've ever taken! They usually only last a few minutes."

"Wah? …But, how can that only be the third worst spanking in your entire life. Surely, it was the single worst spanking in history!"

"Oh, no! Don't be so modest! That was a great spanking. Easily one of the best…oh, wait, when you say 'worst spanking,' you mean hardest spanking, don't you? Yup! You took the cake. Longest, soundest spanking I've gotten yet!"

"...Then, what are the top two?"

Jazz stroked her chin. "Good question…The number 1 loving spanking was easily from Ruby, when we had a 'serious chat' about my spending habits. That's always number 1, since it totally turned my life around. For number 2…I'll have to go with the spanking I got from Miss Susan when I visited Cannibal Town by accident. Have you met her? Whatever you do, definitely

remember to wear clothes, and don't listen to music made after the era of Classical Jazz, or she might spank you."

Stella's beak hung open. "I…I don't understand. She…she spanked you harder than I did?"

Jazz grinned. "No, silly, you already won the world record for that. Susan gets the number 2 spot for best attitude adjustment spanking. I haven't forgotten to wear clothes outside the Pride Ring ever since. And you get third place for sheer endurance. Pretty respectable, considering you've never spanked anyone before."

Stella snickered, and finally the dam broke. She hooted with laughter, exactly like an owl's call, hugging jazz again playfully. "Ooo hoo hoo! Jazz, you know if you ever spoke to me that way in polite society, I'd have no choice but to have you clapped in irons? You're lucky I find you amusing."

Jazz pulled away from the hug, arching a single eyebrow slyly. "Oh? So you're not gonna' have me executed? I'm flattered! In that case…"

Jazz twisted her hips to wriggle her buttocks. "Won't you kiss my boo-boo, and make it better?"

Stella narrowed her eyes. "Don't push it."

Jazz froze, with her ass still poking in the air. "Yes, ma'am."

Rubbing her temples, Stella laid back on her bed, exhausted. Not sure if she had just been dismissed, Jazz sheepishly began to crawl off the bed, her buttocks twinging with every motion.

Stella fluttered her eyes open, batting her secretary-bird eyelashes as if beckoning Jazz. "You may join me, if you wish."

Eagerly, Jazz dove forward, and nuzzled against the soft down of Stella's fluffy, feathery breast.

Stella stiffened. "No funny business, understand?"

Jazz nodded. "I remember! No sex!"

Remembering the 20-thousand-dollar check hidden in her bra, Stella whisked it out and set it on the nightstand. "Here is your check, as promised. If you want to spend the night, I can have the servants prepare us breakfast in bed."

Jazz's eyelids drooped, as she nodded off. "That sounds…lovely…"

As Stella felt Jazz snoozing against her chest, she glanced down at the tiny succubus's glowing, red backside, and squeezed it gently. "...Of course, if you *do* spend the night, I might have further need of you. Mornings can be so…stressful."

The End

Acknowledgements

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Anonymous
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